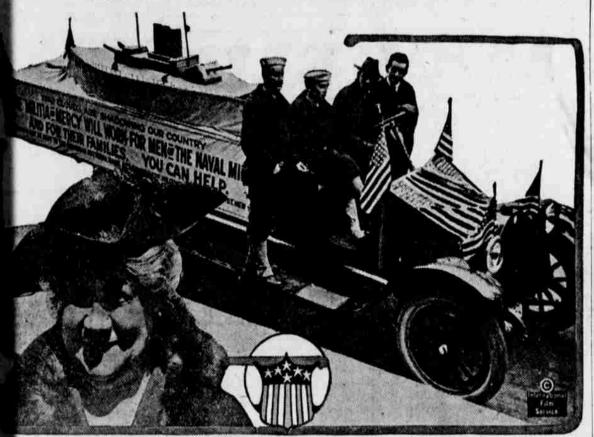
ictures of World Events for News Readers

This Department Our Readers in Fulton County and Elsewhere May journey Around the World With the Camera on the Trail of History Making Happenings.



exercise. 3-Col. Chester A. Harding, who has succeeded General Goethals as governor of the Canal Zone.

MILITIA OF MERCY HELPS NAVY RECRUITING



A miniature battleship mounted on an automobile is attracting much attention in the streets of New York. It ng used in promoting naval recruiting by the Militia of Mercy, an organization of women whose alm aid the families of men called out for duty in the navy. Below is a portrait of Mrs. John Hays Hammond, dent of the Militia of Mercy.

GERMANS ON THE ROAD TO PARIS



"On to Paris" was the German slogan in 1914. Here is the "On to Paris" of 1917—a long line of German ners taken in recent battles in northern France.

THREE YEOWOMEN FOR THE NAVY



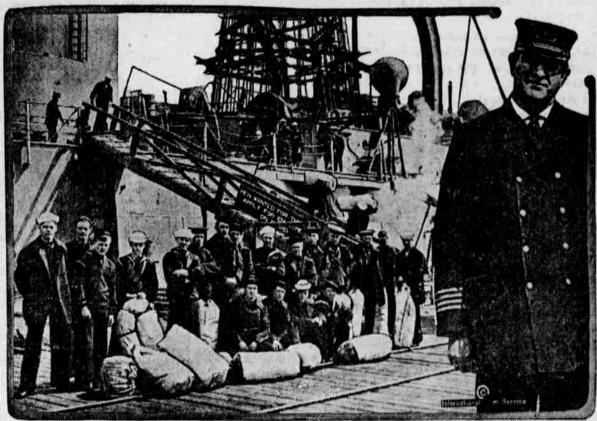
e are three feminine additions to Uncle Sam's navy, the first year to enlist at the Newport navy yard. Left to right, they are: Miss larry, Miss H. N. Murray and Miss J. E. Smith. All three have been d to clerical duty in the navy yard.

AMERICA—ON GUARD



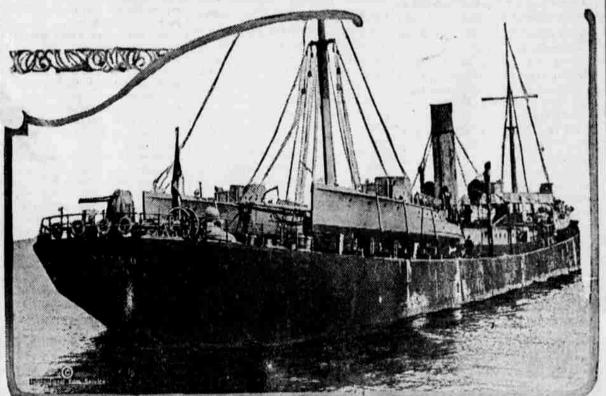


WAR PREPARATIONS AT CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD



Supplies being taken aboard the United States battleship Nebraska at the navy yard at Charlestown, Mass. At the right, Capt. Joe Kemp, on duty at the yard.

WITH SUBMARINE CHASERS ON HER DECK



Photograph shows the Italian liner Adriatico at New York, with submarine chasers lashed to her deck. The Adriatico made an ineventful trip from Italy and no submarines were sighted. Two of the four chasers can be seen in the picture, as can also the stern gun carried by the ship.

TRENCH BECAME A CANAL



Trench at Pontavert which the rains turned into a canal. A touch of the picturesque in the war ruins of northern France.

The Miracle.

"Miracles-I speak of modern miracles—can usually be explained," said Dr. Elliott Young Savage in an address before the Chicago Ethical Culture society.

"Bishop Blanc's son is a clergyman and assists his father. At dinner the other evening the young man said: "'On Broadway today an old beggar

woman asked me for money. I said I had none with me. She begged me to look and see, so I felt in my trousers pocket, and, lo and behold, I found a two-dollar bill there. It was a miracle. I gave it to the old beggar woman, of course. Yes, a real miracle!'

"The bishop put on his glasses. He stared long and attentively at his son.

" 'Confound it! That's a pair of my trousers you've got on there, boy!"

DEVASTATED BY THE RETREATING GERMANS



As fast as the Germans are driven back from the territory they have been holding in northern France, French engineers are rushed in to repair the devastation wrought by the Germans "for military purposes." This photograph of engineers at work in Noyon gives a vivid idea of the unnecessary havoc wreaked on the towns by the kalser's retreating forces.

MEMORIAL TO MARY BAKER EDDY



The memorial to Mary Baker Eddy, founder of Christian Science, erected in Mount Auburn cemetery at Cambridge, Mass., has been turned over to the Christian Science board of directors by Elbert S. Barlow of New York, who had charge of its construction. It cost \$150,000, contributed by Christian Scientists throughout the world.

DOG IS WAR HERO

Saves Young French Soldier Left on the Field for Dead.

Animal Refuses to Leave Side of His Friend and Drags Wounded Youth to Safety.

Michael was larger, stronger and more intelligent than the other dogs attached to a certain division of the French army and he was a general favorite among the soldiers. Michael, although most "sociable," centered his particular affections upon a young French soldier named Henri. Every day at the soup hour Michael would appear carrying a tin can and place it beside Henri, who would fill it as he did his own, and they would dine to-

The day came, however, when Henri falled to return, and as the men stumbled back again to safety Michael scanned, with anxious eyes, every pale, haggard face, his sensitive nostrils quivering with dread.

When the last man had been accounted for and Henri was still missing the animal darted toward the battlefield and after some time returned, greatly excited, and carrying an old half-glove which belonged to his friend. He could scarcely wait for the attendants to bring a litter before he started off again, his great, intelligent eyes imploring them to hurry.

found the young fellow lying still and cold. After a hasty examination the attendants left him for dead, hurrying away to succor the living, but Michael refused to be convinced. Again and again he returned for assistance, according to Our Dumb Animals, but in vain, so he mounted his solitary guard, his face almost humanly expressive of grief.

The attack took place about sundown, and it was not until late that night that comparative quiet settled down upon the trenches.

Suddenly the moon flashed out from behind a cloud, and the alert sentinel peered sharply about, then brought his rifle swiftly to his shoulder.

Not 20 feet away, creeping slowly towards the trenches, but halting abruptly every minute, loomed a large, dark object. The sentry advanced cautiously, finger on trigger, demanded curtly, "Who goes there?" followed by the stifled exclamation, "Michael!"

Michael it was, gasping, panting, but still the same old dog Michaelbut not alone. Behind him, parts of his uniform literally torn away by the dog's teeth, lay Henri, dragged from the battlefield, inch by inch, by the devoted animal. And miracle of miracles, the boy was actually breath-

How the animal had accomplished such a difficult task and escaped the vigilant eyes of the field attendants will forever remain a mystery, but little, fragile-looking Henri ultimately recovered.

Very Convincing.

As he disliked motor cars, a country squire always kept good horses. Recently he bought a particularly handsome mare, and a few days later asked his groom what he thought of the new arrival.

"She's a fine-looking animal, sir," replied the man, "but I'm afraid she's a bit touchy."

"Why do you think so?" questioned

the squire. "She doesn't seem to take to no one, sir. She can't bear me to go

into her box to groom her." "Oh, she'll settle down in a few days," the squire reassured him. "Everything's strange to her, you know. I don't think there's much wrong with

her temper." "Nor didn't I at first, sir," replied the groom. "But, you see, she's kicked me out o' that there box twice already, and when you come to think of it that's very convincin'."

Couldn't Foo! Willie.

"Sis," cried a boy, bursting into the parlor, where a young lady was seated on the sofa with her best young

"Yes, Willie," was the young lady's reply, as she drew the small brother to her side and kissed him. "What do you want?"

"I want to tell you something." "All right, go right ahead." "Won't you care what I say?" "No, I guess not."

"Well, then, I know why you kiss me every Wednesday night."

"I kiss you because I love you, Wil-He, of course, "That ain't the reason, sis!" and the

boy edged slowly toward the open door, "You kiss me so George can see what he is missing."

Peruvian Indians Greatest Weavers. The ancient Indians of Peru are now

considered the world's greatest weavers. This noteworthy revelation in the history of textile art is the result of the critical examination of many rich and beautiful tapestries and other fabrics executed by the gifted ancient Indian population of Peru. Though buried three centuries or more in the sandy desert after being made with primitive hand looms and other weaving implements, these wonderful fabrics are now found to be superior to those turned out by the automatic looms of the great mills of today.

Starlings and Crows Chums.

An interesting fact regarding the crows is their intimacy with the starlings. The starlings first appeared in this country in 1890, and it was not more than ten years ago that flocks of them began to be seen about Hartford, yet now the crows associate with them in as friendly a manner as if the two species had dwelt together for millenniums. The starling does not fear the crow, and the crow does not act in a domineering way toward the smaller bird. The two together make a search of garbage piles and live in unity without the least trouble, though they nothing in common but their desi